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We know the farm lands of this community and will do our best to sell you a good farm or will sell you a nice house and lot in the city.

We have several attractive farms in our hands for sale. Prices reasonable.

265 acres 1 1/2 miles of Fairview on rural route. Well improved and well watered, about 70 acres of fine bottom land. A bargain at \$10,000.00. Terms reasonable.

215 acres 4 miles south of Hopkinsville on Main Street Pike. Land lies well, good improvements. A nice showy place, good home in fine community.

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Pork! Pork! Pork!

Do not neglect your hogs.
Feed a Balanced Ration
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In this way you help our government, our army, our navy, our allies and yourself most of all.

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Boys and Girls
Fountain Pens
Are Sure to
Please



Birthday Presents that are Useful

Any girl or boy—any man or woman—would appreciate a good fountain pen.

Every day of the year—almost every hour of the day—such a present can be put to a practical use.

There are many makes of fountain pens. And many styles and sizes in the various makes. So if we can be of any service to you in helping you choose the best fountain pen on the market for your particular purpose, just drop in and see us.

J. O. COOK
DRUGGIST

INSTALL A GAS RANGE NOW

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ASK US HOW TO DO THIS

Kentucky Public Service Co.

W. J. BYRAN TESTIFIES GREAT FISH NO FAKE

MONSTER THAT COULD HAVE
SWALLOWED JONAH ON EXHIBITION IN EVANSVILLE.

"The Great Fish," the property of Capt. Charles H. Thompson of Miami, Fla., arrived in Evansville, says the Courier, on board the yacht Tamiami and was seen by several hundred Evansville people in the afternoon and evening. Capt. Thompson has many credentials to back his statement concerning the fish. Among the credentials are a letter from William Jennings Bryan, one from the mayor of Miami and others from scientists.

The following figures of the fish are given in a descriptive circular: Measures 45 feet in length.

Weights 15 tons, or nearly thirty thousand pounds.

Its liver alone weighed 1,700 pounds, or more than ten full-grown men put together.

It is twenty-three feet around the body, and its tail measures ten feet from tip to tip.

It had swallowed an octopus weighing four hundred pounds. A blackfish weighing fifteen hundred pounds, and five hundred pounds of coral also found in its stomach.

It could have swallowed twenty Jonahs without suffering the slightest pang of indigestion.

It smashed a boat into thousands of pieces and crushed the rudder and propeller of a thirty-one ton yacht with a single swish of its mighty tail.

Five harpoon thrusts and one hundred and fifty large caliber rifle bullets only served to increase its fury, and it took five days to finally kill it.

The battle lasted thirty-nine hours—two days and night—in open water with the monster dragging a small boat at express train speed for hundreds of miles.

Scientific authorities believe that the creature was an inhabitant of depths more than fifteen hundred feet below the surface, and that it was blown up by some subterranean or volcanic upheaval which injured its diving apparatus so it was unable to return to its native depths.

Its hide is three inches thick and enabled it to withstand the most enormous water pressure, a pressure almost inconceivable to man. Its eyes, which are very small, have no lids and were never closed, indicating that it lived at a depth where eyes were of no avail.

The creature is not classed in natural history, the genus or species is unknown, and it is not only the most remarkable zoological specimen, but the largest specimen of the fish tribe known in history.

Although the largest fish ever captured, scientists claim it was only a baby of its tribe, and if it had lived to attain full growth it would have been two and one-half times as large.

Every undertaking establishment on the Florida East Coast from Jacksonville to Key West gave up their entire supply of formaldehyde to preserve the monster, and over nineteen barrels were used.

Child Gardeners in England.

Apart from the school gardens, which are increasing in number and size and excellence every year, a great deal of work in the direction of food production is being done by children, both in the gardens attached to their homes and elsewhere. In a number of towns the children have been organized for the cultivation of back gardens. According to a report sent to the food production department, Leyton, Essex, has an excellent record in this matter and it is claimed locally that no other town can equal its record.—London Globe.

Pitiful.

"Pitiful, isn't it?"
"What?"
"Why, the fact that some people have so little fear of firing peanut shells around."

Eagerness.

"Are there any dogs around?"
"No," said the eager real estate agent. "The last two dogs in this neighborhood ate each other up. The out dog, you know."

Realms of the Commonplace

By IMES MACDONALD

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Nell Bradley sat on the edge of her uncle's desk and swung her feet thoughtfully.

"Well, Winkie," said Mr. Bradley, "what's on your mind?"

"You know, Uncle Dad," she said gravely. "I believe I'll get married."

Whereat Mr. Bradley's sense of humor overcame the gravity of the situation to such an extent that he lay back in his chair and roared with laughter.

"Have you decided on the victim?" he asked, finally.

"Well, no," she said thoughtfully. "I haven't."

"Then why worry about it until the right chap comes along?" he said practically. "You're young yet."

"I'm twenty-four," she reminded him, "and I'm lonesome. With all the nice young men in the world why should I be lonesome?"

"No reason at all, Winkie. But you've had plenty of chances," grinned Mr. Bradley, "and if you're so keen on matrimony why didn't you take one of them?"

"Too commonplace," she commented, vaulting on her feet.

"My dear," he laughed, "matrimony's the most commonplace thing in the world. It is the one thing that is done consistently, persistently, and over and over again until death does its part."

"Cynical old thing!" she said, making a dive at him and missing his hair as she slipped toward the door.

"But you can't pull it off in a week," he shouted at her, as the door shut.

She came back laughing. "How much?" she bargained.

He studied her with a grin. "But you a dowry of twenty thousand dollars against your staying single for five more years, you can't get married in a week."

"Make it a month," she said, after a moment of deep thought, "and I'll take you."

"Understand," he conditioned, "it's to be a bona fide marriage. No frame-up proposition. You've got to live with the chap as his wife for at least six months."

"All right," she agreed, "write it out."

"Now, you'd better get busy," he grinned, after he had written out the agreement.

"I'm Twenty-Four."

agreement and she had tucked it down into her blouse. But she only made a little face at him as she vanished through the door.

As she descended in the elevator, however, her mind was busily running over the eligibility of her acquaintance. Some of those who had loved and lost the charming Nell had married elsewhere; others of them were engaged or trying to be—also elsewhere. Anyway, they all belonged to the commonplace. The man who loved and loses always becomes commonplace to the one he's lost.

However, if you asked anyone in Bellington who was the most commonplace young man in the otherwise eligible class, the almost universal answer would have been, "Marcus Barnes."

But strangely enough the image of Marcus Barnes had already taken shape in the back of Nell Bradley's hitherto particular mind. Never once had he called on her or even expressed the desire to do so. Never had he happened to be her dinner partner, nor had she even danced with him more than once or twice. And she suddenly remembered that he danced rather well, too, although she had never thought of it before, and she had known him for years!

In the meantime, Marcus Barnes, the most commonplace young man in Bellington, left the bank where he earned his daily bread and stepped across the street and down a little alleyway into a chortle which his neighbor was parked. Two minutes later he turned down Spring street, and as he swung around the corner at Black

somebody's street, he noticed Nell Bradley standing at the corner waiting for a car.

"Hello, Nell," he grinned, as he slid up to the curb. "Hop in and I'll take you home."

She hopped obediently, with a little laugh. "You running a jitney bus, Mark?" she asked.

"No," he chuckled, as he reached across her lap to draw the door shut. And then as they started with a jerk: "This is a kisser bus—pay as you leave—kindly have exact fare ready."

"Why, how funny," she thought, as she laughed into his eyes. "I never knew he was like that." And she noticed how tastefully he was dressed, almost fastidiously in a conservative sort of way. But after a few moments of chatter on her part and a most surprising silence in his, they drew up in front of her home.

"Pay as you leave," he reminded her, as she stepped from the car.

"Silly," she said, turning away toward the house.

"Piker," said the commonplace Marcus Barnes.

"I'm not," she returned hotly.

"Well, I told you what the fare was when you got in," he said firmly.

"You don't expect me to be kissing you out here before all the neighbors, do you?" she demanded.

"Makes no difference to me where it happens," he said, shutting off his engine and vaulting out over the door.

It was the most commonplace moment of the most commonplace hour that the commonplace Marcus Barnes had ever known, as he marched the somewhat surprised Miss Bradley up the steps and into the hall.

She could see that she was in for it, but then, what did it matter? She would extend him one of those little impersonal and indefinite kisses which she reserved for very young or very old and feeble male relatives. But she hadn't counted on the commonplace Mr. Barnes. The first thing she knew she found that she fitted into his arms as snugly and tightly as if she were made to be there. She shut her eyes and waited, but he only held her a little closer. She flitted open her eyes a wee bit to investigate the cause of the delay and flushed to find that he was studying her upturned face with a strange and puzzled wonderment.

"I never noticed before how lovely you are, Nell," he murmured, and then he collected his fare slowly and deliberately, not once, but seven separate times, which wasn't so bad for the commonplace Marcus Barnes.

Everyday during the following week Nell Bradley expected to hear from the efficient fare collector, but it seemed that Marcus Barnes had had his moment and then shyly subsided. Ten days, a whole third of the allotted time passed and still there was no word. Miss Bradley was getting panicky, for her time was getting short, so with a grim determination about the set of her chin, and a suggestion of color under the smooth skin of her curved cheek, she decided to consult the assistant cashier of the First National bank about some securities she held.

The commonplace Mr. Barnes arose from his desk and looked just once into the eyes of Nell Bradley—and then believing in preparedness, he dismissed his stenographer.

The gallant Miss Bradley had begun to get cold feet. "It's—about those securities of mine, Mark," she started feebly.

"Securities nothing," said Marcus, the commonplace, reaching for the girl financier. "South-bound curs, pay as you enter!" And he had already rung up three fares when the austere voice of the bank's president came testily from the doorway.

"For heaven's sake! Why don't you two young people get married—and do your kissing at home!"

"Shall we?" demanded Marcus Barnes of the girl in his arms.

"Let's!" agreed Nell Bradley with a vague excitement in her thumping heart.

And the bank's president chuckled the news via the telephone into the amused ear of his old friend and crony, Nell's Uncle, George Bradley.

"Let this be a lesson to you, George! Never gamble with women—they have such winning ways—ha—ha!"

"Great stuff, eh?" said the cynical Mr. Bradley. "Couldn't have lost a bet in a better cause now, could it? Youth, and love and marriage—fine business!"

Meanwhile the commonplace Marcus Barnes, dragging Nell Bradley about with a commonplace marriage license in his pocket, was hunting a commonplace preacher to perform a commonplace ceremony.

Basin of Bay Rum.

The basin of bay rum is Jamaica or Saint Croix rum, made from the skinings of the sugar boilers, the scrapings of sugar barrels and the washings from sugar pots. For the best grade of bay rum the rum must be free from foreign odors and almost colorless.

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Bank of Hopkinsville

Hopkinsville, Ky.

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